LITERARY TABLET.

Vol. IV.] *Hanover, N. H. Wednesday, May 6, 1807.* [No. 14.

SELECTIONS.

Letter from Mr. Pope to the Duke of Buckingham.

[In anſwer to a letter in which he incloſed the deſcription of Buckingham-houſe, written by him to the D. of Sh.]

PLINY was one of thoſe few authors who had a warm houſe over his head, nay two houſes, as appears by two of his epiſtles. I believe, if any of his contemporary authors durſt have informed the public where they lodged, we ſhould have found the garrets of Rome as well inhabited as thoſe of Fleet-ſtreet; but it is dangerous to let creditors into ſuch a ſecret, therefore we may preſume that then, as well as now-a-days, nobody knew where they lived but their bookſellers.

It ſeems, that when Virgil came to Rome, he had no lodging at all: he firſt introduced himſelf to Auguſtus by an epigram, beginning *Nocte pluit tota*—an obſervation which probably he had not made, unleſs he had lain all night in the ſtreet.

Where Juvenal lived we cannot affirm; but in one of his ſatires he complains of the exceſſive price of lodgings; neither do I believe he would have talked ſo feelingly of Codrus's bed, if there had been room for a bedfellow in it.

I believe, with all the oſtentation of Pliny, he would have been glad to have changed both his houſes for your grace's one; which is a country-houſe in the ſummer, and a town-houſe in the winter, and muſt be owned to be the propereſt habitation for a wiſe man, who ſees all the world change every ſeaſon without ever changing himſelf.

I have been reading the deſcription of Pliny's houſe with an eye to yours, but finding they will bear no compariſon, will try if it can be matched by the large country-ſeat I inhabit at preſent, and ſee what figure it may make by the help of a florid deſcription.

You muſt expect nothing regular in my deſcription, any more than in the houſe; the whole vaſt edifice is ſo disjointed, and the ſeveral parts of it ſo detached one from the other, and yet ſo joining again, one cannot tell how, that, in one of my poetical fits, I imagined it had been a village in Amphion's time, where the cottages, having taken a country-dance together, had been all out, and ſtood ſtone-ſtill with amazement ever ſince.

You muſt excuſe me if I ſay nothing of the front; indeed I do not know which it is. A ſtranger would be grievouſly diſappointed, who endeavored to get into the houſe the right way. One would reaſonably expect after the entry through the porch to be let into the hall: alas! nothing leſs! you find yourſelf in the houſe of office. From the parlour you think to ſtep into the drawing-room, but upon opening the iron-nailed door, you are convinced by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of duſt in your eyes, that it is the pigeon-houſe. If you come into the chapel, you find its altars, like thoſe of the ancients, continually ſmoking, but it is with the ſteams of the adjoining kitchen.

The great hall within is high and ſpacious, flanked on one ſide with a very long table, a true image of ancient hoſpitality: the walls are all over ornamented with monſtrous horns of animals, about twenty broken pikes, ten or a dozen blunderbuſſes, and a ruſty match-lock muſquet or two, which we were informed had ſerved in the civil wars.—Here is one vaſt arched window, beautifully darkened with divers ſcutcheons of painted glaſs: one ſhining pane in particular bears date 1286, which alone preſerves the memory of a Knight, whoſe iron armour is long ſince periſhed with ruſt, and whoſe alabaſter noſe is mouldered from his monument. The face of dame Eleanor, in another piece, owes more to that ſingle pane than to all the glaſſes ſhe ever conſulted in her life. After this, who can ſay that glaſs is frail, when it is not half ſo frail as human beauty, or glory! and yet I cannot but ſigh to think that the moſt authentic record of ſo ancient a family ſhould lie at the mercy of every infant who flings a ſtone. In former days there have dined in this hall, gartered knights and courtly dames, attended by uſhers, ſewers, and ſeneſchals; and yet it was but laſt night that an owl flew hither, and miſtook it for a barn.

This hall lets you (up and down) over a very high threſhold into the great parlour. Its contents are a broken-bellied virginal, a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three mildewed pictures of mouldy anceſtors, who look as diſmally as if they came freſh from hell with all their brimſtone about them; theſe are carefully ſet at the farther corner, for the windows being every where broken, make it ſo convenient a place to dry poppies and muſtard ſeed, that the room is appropriated to that uſe.

Next this parlour, as I ſaid before, lies the pigeon-houſe, by the ſide of which runs an entry, which lets you on one hand and the other into a bed-chamber, a buttery, and a ſmall hole called the chaplain's ſtudy: then follow a brew-houſe, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great ſtairs, under which is the dairy; a little farther on the right, the ſervant's hall; and by the ſide of it, up ſix ſteps, the old lady's cloſet for her private devotions; which has a lattice into the hall, intended (as we imagine) that at the ſame time as ſhe prayed, ſhe might have an eye on the men and maids. There are upon the ground-floor in all, twenty-ſix apartments, among which I muſt not forget a chamber which has in it a large antiquity of timber, that ſeems to have been either a bedſtead, or a cyder-preſs.

The kitchen is built in form of the Rotunda, being one vaſt vault to the top of the houſe; where one aperture ſerves to let out the ſmoak, and let in the light. By the blackneſs of the walls, the circular fires, vaſt cauldrons, yawning mouths of ovens and furnaces, you would think it either the forge of Vulcan, the cave of Polypheme, or the temple of Moloch. The horror of this place has made ſuch an impreſſion on the country people, that they believe the witches keep their ſabbath here, and that once a year the devil treats them with infernal veniſon, a roaſted tiger ſtuffed with ten-penny nails.

Above ſtairs we have a number of rooms; you never paſs out of one into another but by the aſcent or deſcent of two or three ſtairs. Our beſt room is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a band-box. In moſt of theſe rooms there are hangings of the fineſt work in the world, that is to ſay, thoſe which Arachine ſpins from her own bowels. Were it not for this only furniture, the whole would be a miſerable ſcene of naked walls, flawed ceilings, broken windows, and ruſty locks. The roof is ſo decayed, that after a favorable ſhower we may expect a crop of muſhrooms between the chinks of our floors. All the doors are as little and low as thoſe to the cabins of packet-boats. Theſe rooms have for many years had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whoſe very age renders them worthy of this ſeat, for the very rats of this venerable houſe are grey: ſince theſe have not yet quitted it, we hope at leaſt that this ancient manſion may not fall during the ſmall remnant theſe poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another. There is yet a ſmall ſubſiſtence left them in the few remaining books of the library.

We had never ſeen half what I have deſcribed, but for a ſtarched grey-headed ſteward, who is as much an antiquity as any in this place, and looks like an old family picture walked out of its frame. He entertained us as we paſſed from room to room with ſeveral relations of the family; but his obſervations were particularly curious when he came to the cellar: he informed us where ſtood the tripple rows of butts of ſack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent, for toaſts in a morning; he pointed to the ſtand that ſupported the iron-hooped hogſheads of ſtrong beer: then ſtepping to a corner, he lugged out the tattered fragments of an ur framed picture; "This (ſays he, with tear was poor Sir Thomas! once maſter of a this drink. He had two ſons, poor your maſters! who never arrived to the age

his beer : they both fell ill in this very room, and never went out on their own legs." He could not pass by a heap of broken bottles without taking up a piece, to shew us the arms of the family upon it. He then led us up the tower by dark winding stone steps, which landed us into several little rooms one above another. One of these was nailed up, and our guide whispered to us as a secret the occasion of it : It seems the course of this noble blood was a little interrupted about two centuries ago, by a freak of the Lady Frances, who was here taken in the fact with a neighboring prior, ever since which the room has been nailed up, and branded with the name of the Adultery-Chamber. The ghost of Lady Frances is supposed to walk there, and some prying maids of the family report that they have seen a lady in a fardingale through the key-hole ; but this matter is hushed up, and the servants are forbid to talk of it.

I must needs have tired you by this long description : but what engaged me in it, was a generous principle to preserve the memory of that, which itself must soon fall into dust ; nay, perhaps, part of it, before this letter reaches your hands.

Indeed we owe this old house the same kind of gratitude that we do an old friend, who harbors us in his declining condition, nay, even in his last extremities. How fit is this retreat for uninterrupted study, where no one that passes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even those who would dine with us dare not stay under our roof ! Any one that sees it, will own I could not have chosen a more likely place to converse with the dead in. I had been mad indeed if I had left your Grace for any one but Homer. But when I return to the living, I shall have the sense to endeavor to converse with the best of them, and shall therefore, as soon as possible tell you, in person, how much I am, &c.

The vanity of human Science.

Nothing can be more kind than the hint you give me of the vanity of human sciences, which, I assure you I am daily more convinced of ; and indeed I have, for some years past, looked upon all of them no better than amusements. To make them the ultimate end of our pursuit, is a miserable and short ambition, which will drop from us at every little disappointment here, and even, in case of no disappointments here, will infallibly desert us hereafter. The utmost fame they are capable of bestowing, is never worth the pains they cost us, and the time they lose us. If you attain the top of your desires that way, all those who envy you, will do you harm ; and of those who admire you, few will do you good. The unsuccessful writers are your declared enemies, and, probably, the successful your secret ones ; for those hate not more to be excelled, than these to be rivalled : and at the upshot, after a life of perpetual application, you reflect that you have been doing nothing for yourself, and that the same or less industry might have gained you a friendship that can never deceive or end ; a satisfaction, which praise cannot bestow, nor vanity feel ; and a glory, which (though in one respect like fame, not to be had till after death) yet shall be felt and enjoyed to eternity. These, dear Sir, are unfeignedly my sentiments, whenever I think at all : for half the things that employ our heads deserve not the name of thoughts ; they are only stronger dreams or impressions upon the imagination : our schemes of government, our systems of philosophy, our golden worlds of poetry, are all but so many shadowy images and airy prospects which arise to us, but so much the livelier and more frequent, as we are more over-cast with the darkness, and disturbed with the fumes, of human vanity.

That there is an art of the bathos, or profund.

WE come now to prove, that there is an *art of sinking in poetry*. Is there not an architecture of vaults, and cellars, as well as lofty domes and pyramids ? Is there not as much skill and labour in making ditches, as in raising mounts ? Is there not an art of diving as well as of flying ? and will any sober practitioner affirm, that a diving engine is not of singular use in making him long-winded, assisting his descent, and furnishing him with more ingenious means of keeping under water ?

If we search the authors of antiquity, we shall find as few to have been distinguished in the true *profound*, as in the true *sublime*. And the very same thing (as it appears from Longinus) had been imagined of that, as now of this : namely that it was entirely the gift of nature. I grant, that, to excel in the *bathos*, a genius is requisite ; yet the rules of art must be allowed so far useful, as to add weight, or, as I may say, hang on lead to facilitate and enforce our descent, to guide us to the most advantageous declivities, and habituate our imagination to a depth of thinking. Many there are that can fall, but few can arrive at the felicity of falling gracefully ; much more for a man, who is amongst the lowest of the creation, at the very bottom of the atmosphere ; to descend beneath himself, is not so easy a task, unless he calls in art to his assistance. It is with the *bathos* as with small beer, which is indeed vapid and insipid, if left at large and let abroad ; but being, by our rules, confined and well stopt, nothing grows so frothy, pert, and bouncing.

The *sublime* of nature is the sky, the sun, moon, stars, &c. The *profund* of nature is gold, pearls, precious stones, and the treasures of the deep, which are inestimable as unknown. But all that lies between these, as corn, flowers, fruits, animals, and things for the mere use of man, are of mean price, and so common as not to be greatly esteemed by the curious. It being certain that any thing, of which we know the true use, cannot be invaluable : which affords a solution, why common sense hath either been totally despised, or held in small repute, by the greatest modern critics and authors.

Swift.

MAXIM.

Dastardly men are like sorry horses, who have but just spirit and mettle enough to be mischievous.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

Arabian & European Literature contrasted.

Coeval with the darkest ages of christendom, were the golden days of Arabian and Mahometan literature. During the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries, while in Europe, superstition spread her gloomy pall over the human mind,—the banks of the Tigris and the plains of Chaldea were illuminated by the rays of science, were adorned with the effusions of genius.

We propose, as a theme for the present moment, to contrast the leading features of this period—the ignorance and barbarity of christian Europe, with the splendor of refinement and luxury of literature then prevailing in the dominions of the prophet.

The story of the gloomy period we contemplate, has been too often related to require, at this time, a particular recital. The odious epithets, with which it has been branded by orators, historians, and poets, have assailed the ear too frequently to need a repetition. Yet, in pursuance of our plan, a brief sketch is conceived necessary.

When the northern barbarians, like a roaring tempest, had burst upon Rome, her power, her arts, and her sciences were entombed together. That luminous orb, which shed the rays of literature and refinement to distant realms, was totally eclipsed—not a solitary ray glimmered on its borders. A government founded on arbitrary will was erected on the ruins of law—Astronomy was succeeded by Astrology and divination,—the age of Philanthropy and reason by that of spectres, fairies, and witchcraft.

In the midst of this darkness, however, we might notice the appearance of a few beautiful lights, which darted through the surrounding gloom a lustre, that dazzled the sight, but failed to correct the sentiments of mankind. Beda, Charlemagne, and Alfred are celebrated in romantic story—are distinguished as peculiar favorites of genius and patrons of literature. But these luminous points emitted their rays only a moment, and, on their extinction, darkness again enveloped the whole face of nature. They were, in fact, but as *comets*, which appear, only to excite curiosity and surprise, and, passing quickly away, leave ignorant mortals to wonder at the extraordinary phenomena.

Ignorance and barbarity, so strikingly apparent, were not, however, the most prominent features of the age. Conquered and enslaved, man grovelled in the dust, alike incapable of understanding, asserting and defending his rights. Nor is it the enslaving of his *body* we deplore. His *soul* was enslaved. That immortal principle, which emanated from the omniscient mind, was held a fettered captive in the dark dungeon of superstition. The wretched literature of the times being all enlisted under the banners of ecclesiastical tyranny, the Pope and his subal-

tern miſcreants were enabled more effectually to impoſe upon and deceive the credulous multitude. He wore the garb of St. Peter, held in his hand the diſpenſation of eternal life and eternal death, and was, hence, regarded as the vicegerent of heaven; while in *reality*, his character was not only marked with the frailties of *human nature*, but diſgraced with all the vices of infernal ſpirits.

Thus perverted and debaſed, the pure religion of Chriſt was made an inſtrument in the hand of fanaticiſm to poiſon and deſtroy the moſt valuable bleſſings of ſociety, and the moſt valuable prerogatives of man.

But let us leave the gloomy review, which is only the journal of a flight from one object of horror to another, through a diſmal and dreary waſte without the Sun, Moon, or Stars to enlighten our progreſs. The more happy climes of the eaſt, the productions of the Arabian muſe, the ſplendor and luxury of Mahometan literature invite our attention and proffer the charms of contraſt.

Throughout a part of thoſe fertile regions, which extend from the ſhores of the Atlantic to the confines of India, the traveller, during the period under review, finds himſelf ſurrounded by all, that can pleaſe and gratify, enlighten and expand. The murmuring rill winding around the rural village, the majeſtic river groaning with incumbent treaſure, the romantic caſcade ruſhing from the frightful precipice, the blooming garden, the luxuriant orchard, the verdant grove, where the native invoked his muſe and tuned the lyre, the lofty mountain covered with fleecy herds pendent as it were, from the ſolitary rocks—theſe were objects, which captivated his attention.

Nor were the beauties of nature unrivalled by thoſe of art. There a magnificent city, the ſeat of all that is illuſtrious in human ſcience, or in human action, attracts his eye. He paſſes along till, encloſed by its towering edifices, he is loſt to all the world beſide.

Fancying himſelf in the regions of deluſion, he views in rapture and ſilently admires. The palaces around, glittering in the ſplendor of eaſtern gold, ſurrounded with works of taſte and monuments of glory, ſurpaſs the wanton deſcriptions of poetry and fiction. The elegant ſpecimens of Arabian poetry now extant diſplay at once the genius and taſte of the age. But the glare of luxury and the magic influence of poetry did not entirely engroſs their atttention. The uſeful and ſublime arts of Aſtronomy, and Algebra were carried to a conſiderable degree of perfection.

The ſcene is, however, reverſed. A change, deducible from no principles within the compaſs of human reaſon is apparent, both in the Mahometan and Chriſtian world.

The cauſes, which have effected this ſurpriſing change, ſolicit our attention.

Errors clothed in the ſacred garb of religion have a fatal effect on the human mind. They delude it—they entangle it in an eternal knot of idolatry and ſuperſtition. Thus Mahomet infuſed into the minds of his votaries the poiſon of error, which, while his empire exhibited the proſperous appearance, we have contemplated, was waſting away its vital ſtrength and power. This was the hidden lava, which, at length, burſting thro' the deceitful ſurface, that for awhile confined it, has overwhelmed the faireſt portion of the globe, and buried deep in its rubbiſh, the mental energies of man.

The black deſign of ſubjecting mankind to the reign of error and ſuperſtition, was conceived and agitated in the grim court below—the impoſtor of Mecca was ſelected and inveſted with full powers for its execution. Ambitious and artful, he ſucceeded in his miſſion—Miniſter of darkneſs, he effectually blinded and deluded the human mind—ſcourge of God, he drenched the world in blood. Legate of hell, he has returned to the realms of his maſter to gather the laurels of his infernal induſtry. Its effects are apparent both in the natural and moral world. The gardens ceaſe to bloom, the groves to yield their verdure—the brooks murmur to the wind, the rivers flow through the barren heath, and the flocks no longer viſit the mountains,—for deſpotiſm, the offspring of ignorance, has ſwept the land, as with the beſom of deſtruction. Thoſe magnificent cities, which adorned a thouſand plains, have fallen victims to deluded zeal. Vaniſhed are the monuments of art and the productions of genius.

The Arabian pipe has forgotten its tune, and withered is every flower in that garden of literature. The Turk, forlorn and melancholy, quaffs his opium, lulls his wretchedneſs aſleep, and dreams of bliſs in a ſenſual heaven. All the manly and all the ſympathetic feelings, which alternately rouſe to indignation or melt to pity, are baniſhed from the ſoul—and fled is every ſocial virtue, without which man is a ſavage, and exiſtence itſelf ceaſes to charm.

But happy for all the benevolent affections, which ſhun the dreary abodes of deſpotiſm and error, fortunate for the genius of invention, the ſpirit of refinement, and the cauſe of truth, the benevolent religion of Chriſt has prepared them a reſidence. This has unfolded to view principles, which lead to a knowledge of the rights of man and the duties of moral agents, has diſpelled the clouds of error and ſuperſtition, rouſed the latent energies of the mind, diſcovered to man the important relation of his character, and placed him in the path of improvement.

On the European world, which we have juſt beheld enveloped in the ſhades of mental night, the ſun of Chriſtianity has ariſen, diffuſed his rays, and kindled the ſplendor of a glorious morning.

Rent by the rough yet judicious hand of a Luther, the veil of hypocriſy no longer glitters with faſcinating ſplendor on the foul carcaſes of prieſtcraft and ſuperſtition.—No longer are the thunders of the Conclave regarded as a voice from Heaven, and a ſentence of damnation fulminated from the papal throne, as the irrevocable ſentence of God.

The ſhackles of tyranny burſt from around the moral man. The human ſoul is redeemed and renovated—it walks the gentle aſcent towards perfection, conſcious of its powers and conſcious of its native dignity.

Thus, while error, by a gradual and irreſiſtible operation, has drawn the Mahometan world into the ſtate of wretched barbarity where we now behold them, the principles of goſpel truth wherever underſtood have produced the moſt ſalutary effects,—have converted the fierceſt tribes of barbarians into poliſhed ſocieties and civilized nations—have paved the way to the eſtabliſhment of rational *ſyſtems*, not only in *Theology* but in *every* ornamental and valuable ſcience. From theſe have ariſen thoſe extenſive improvements, which in the laſt centuries have conſtituted the pride, the glory, and the happineſs of man.

So highly indebted are we to the promulgation of divine truth,—and may we not rationally conclude, that this ſpark of heavenly origin, will expand until ignorance, error, and ſuperſtition, the prime ſources of civil and eccleſiaſtical tyranny ſhall have loſt their dominion and meaſured back the courſe by which they advanced over the human mind, and until truth, in its purity and beauty, like a brilliant atmoſphere ſhall encircle the *Globe*.

P. O.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

ADVANTAGES OF HISTORY.

TO ſtudy the character of man, to trace and explore the hidden ſprings of the ſoul, muſt inſtruct, muſt intereſt, and entertain every inquiſitive mind.

Hiſtory opens an ample field for theſe inveſtigations. Here human nature is ſeen in her multifarious forms. Here is preſented the portrait of every age,—of every generation. Upon its annals appear characters, like meteors glaring upon the mantle of night, ſcattering the deſolating peſtilenee of war, and multiplying widows and orphans. Here an attentive reader naturally ſtops to ſeek the cauſe of ſuch havoc—of ſuch devaſtations of the human race. Fooliſh muſt he be, who attributes it merely to armies burſting, like torrents, upon empires, overwhelming every veſtige of humanity, and drenching cities in blood. They have only been rods in the hands of the fell ſcourgers of mankind. Ever ſince ambition, aſcending the throne of Deſpotiſm, waved her ſceptre over the plains of Shinar, demagogues have exerted their utmoſt power to enſlave their fellow beings. Infatuated by ambition, they have dethroned kings, and conquered empires. Thouſands of ſpirits, aſcending from the field of battle to manſions of bliſs, have implored the vengeance of Heaven upon theſe blood ſtained monſters.

Cæſar, the hero of antiquity, contraſted with Waſhington, dwindles to inſignificance. Ambition fired the breaſt of Cæſar; patriotiſm nerved the arm of Waſhington. Cæſar fought to enſlave, Waſhington to emancipate. Cæſar is celebrated for the thouſands he ſlew, Waſhington for the millions he freed from tyranny.

D.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

ADDRESS TO FORTUNE.

Fortune, thou falſe and fickle dame,
Oft have I tried in vain to woo thee;
Sometimes thou'dſt flatter me,—and then
Again thou'dſt threaten to undo me.

Like all thy ſex thou'lt promiſe fair,
Fain wouldſt thou frequent, proffer love,
But diſappointment and deſpair,
Thy ſmile's attendants often prove.

Full oft the good and great thou'lt ſhun,
And throw thy honors careleſs round thee,
'Till on the brows of fools they're hung,
Who without ſeeking thee, have found thee.

Thouſands toil to gain thy favor,
And on thine altar incenſe burn,
While thou ſeem'ſt to ſpurn their labor,
And indignant from them turn.

The gallant tar thou'lt ſafely guide,
Mid lightning's flaſh and thunder's roar,
O'er ſurly Neptune's billowy tide
Towards his dear-lov'd country's ſhore.

Aloft he climbs upon the maſt,
To ken afar his native ſtrand,
When headlong by a ſudden blaſt
He's plung'd, and dies, in ſight of land.

The pedant vain, is crown'd with bays,
The king turn'd ſlave, the ſlave a king,
The wealthy knave bouy'd up with praiſe,
While modeſt merit pines unſeen.

And me poor wight, thou'dſt ſometimes deign
To look upon, with ſmiles ſo plenty,
Yet, after all thy ſmiles, remain
My coat thread-bare, my pockets empty.

F——.

SELECTED POETRY.

POPULAR APPLAUSE.

Oh, popular applauſe! what heart of man
Is proof againſt thy ſweet ſeducing charms?
The wiſeſt and the beſt feel urgent need
Of all their caution in thy gentleſt gales;
But ſwell'd into a guſt—who then, alas!
With all his canvaſs ſet, and inexpert,
And therefore heedleſs, can withſtand thy power?
Praiſe from the rivel'd lips of toothleſs, bald
Decrepitude; and in the looks of lean
And craving property; and in the bow
Reſpectful of the ſmutch'd artificer,
Is oft too welcome, and may much diſturb
The bias of the purpoſe. How much more
Pour'd forth by beauty ſplendid and polite,
In language ſoft as adoration breathes?
Ah ſpare your idol! think him human ſtill,
Charms he may have, but he has frailties too,
Doat not too much, nor ſpoil what ye admire.

Cowper.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

Domeſtic happineſs, thou only bliſs
Of Paradiſe that has ſurviv'd the fall!
Though few now taſte thee unimpair'd and pure,
Or taſting, long enjoy thee, too infirm
Or too incautious to preſerve thy ſweets
Unmixt with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper ſheds into thy chryſtal cup.
Thou art the nurſe of virtue. In thine arms
She ſmiles, appearing, as in truth ſhe is,
Heav'n born and deſtin'd to the ſkies again.
Thou art not known where pleaſure is ador'd,
That reeling goddeſs, with the zoneleſs waiſt,
And wand'ring eyes, ſtill leaning on the arm
Of novelty, her fickle frail ſupport;
For thou art meek and conſtant, hating change,
And finding in the calm of truth-tied love,
Joys that her ſtormy raptures never yield.
Forſaking thee, what ſhipwreck have we made
Of honor, dignity and fair renown,
'Till proſtitution elbows us aſide
In all our crowded ſtreets, and ſenates ſeem
Conven'd for purpoſes of empire leſs,
Than to releaſe th' adultreſs from her bond.
Th' adultreſs! what a theme for angry verſe,
What provocation to th' indignant heart
That feels for injur'd love! but I diſdain
The nauſeous taſk to paint her as ſhe is,
Cruel, abandon'd, glorying in her ſhame.
No. Let her paſs, and chariotted along
In guilty ſplendor, ſhake the public ways;
The frequency of crimes has waſh'd them white.
And verſe of mine ſhall never brand the wretch,
Whom matrons now of character unſmirch'd
And chaſte themſelves, are not aſham'd to own.
Virtue and vice had bound'ries in old time
Not to be paſs'd. And ſhe that had renounc'd
Her ſex's honor, was renounc'd herſelf
By all that priz'd it; not for prud'ry's ſake,
But dignity's, reſentful of the wrong.
'Twas hard perhaps on here and there a waif
Deſirous to return, and not receiv'd,
But was an wholeſome rigor in the main,
And taught th'unblemiſh'd to preſerve with care
That purity, whoſe loſs was loſs of all,
Men too were nice in honor in thoſe days,
And judg'd offenders well. And he that ſharp'd,
And pocketted a prize, by fraud obtain'd,
Was mark'd and ſhunn'd as odious. He that ſold
His country, or was ſlack when ſhe requir'd
His ev'ry nerve in action, and at ſtretch,
Paid with the blood that he had baſely ſpar'd,
The price of his default. But now, yes, now,
We are become ſo candid and ſo fair,
So lib'ral in conſtruction, and ſo rich
In Chriſtian charity, a good-natur'd age!
That they are ſafe, ſinners of either ſex,
Tranſgreſs what laws they may. Well dreſs'd, well bred,
Well equipag'd, is ticket good enough
To paſs us readily through ev'ry door.
Hypocriſy, deteſt her as we may,
(And no man's hatred ever wrong'd her yet)
May claim this merit ſtill, that ſhe admits
The worth of what ſhe mimics with ſuch care,
And thus gives virtue indirect applauſe;
But ſhe has burnt her maſk, not needed here,
Where vice has ſuch allowance, that her ſhifts
And ſpecious ſemblances have loſt their uſe.

ib.

ON TRUE GREATNESS.

BY DOCTOR KENDRICK.

The great, good man, whom Fortune will diſplace,
May into ſcarceneſs fall, but not diſgrace.
His ſacred perſon none will dare profane;
He may be poor, but never can be mean.
He holds his value with the wiſe and good,
And proſtrate ſeems as great as when he ſtood.
So ruin'd temples holy awe diſpenſe,
They loſe their height, but keep their reverence;
The pious crowd the piles tho' fallen deplore,
And what they fail to raiſe they ſtill adore.

ADDRESS TO POVERTY.

'T is not that look of anguiſh, bath'd in tears,
O Poverty! thy haggard image wears,—
'T is not thoſe famiſh'd limbs, naked and bare
To the bleak tempeſt's rain, or the keen air
Of winter's piercing winds, nor the ſad eye
Imploring the ſmall boon of Charity—
'T is not the voice, whoſe agonizing tale
Might turn the purple cheek of grandeur pale,
Nor all that hoſt of woes thou bring'ſt with thee,
Inſult, contempt, diſdain, contumely,
That bid me call the fate of thoſe forlorn,
Who 'neath thy rude oppreſſion ſigh and mourn:
But chief, relentleſs pow'r! thy hard controul
Which to the earth bends low th' aſpiring ſoul;
Thine iron graſp, thy fetters drear, which bind
Each gen'rous effort of the ſtruggling mind!
Alas! that genius, melancholy flow'r,
Scarce op'ning yet to ev'ning's nurt'ring ſhow'r,
Should by thy pitileſs and cruel doom,
Wither, ere nature ſmiles upon her bloom;
That Innocence, touch'd by the dead'ning wand
Should pine, nor know one outſtretch'd guardian hand!
For this, O poverty! for them I ſigh,
The helpleſs victims of thy tyranny!
I call the lot of thoſe ſevere,
Who wander 'mid thy haunts, and pine unheeded there!

AZID,

Or a ſong of the Captive Negro.

POOR Mora eye be wed wid tear,
And heart like lead ſink down wid wo;
She ſeem her mournful friends to hear,
And ſee der eye like fountain flow.
No more ſhe give me ſong ſo gay,
But ſigh, 'Adieu, dear Domahay.'

No more for deck her head and hair,
Me look in ſtream, bright gold to find;
Nor ſeek de field for flower ſo fair,
Wild garland Mora hair to bind.
'Far off de ſtream!' I weeping ſay,
'Far off de fields of Domahay.'

But why do Azid live a ſlave,
And ſee a ſlave his Mora dear?
Come let we ſeek at once de grave—
No chain, no tyrant den we fear.
Ah me! I hear a ſpirit ſay,
'Come, Azid, come to Domahay.

Den gold I find for thee once more,
For thee to fields for flowers depart;
To pleaſe de idol I adore,
And give wid gold and flow'r my heart.
Den let we die and haſte away,
And live in groves of Domahay.

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